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THE

SEA SONGSTER;

A CHOICE SELECTION

OF

SONGS, DUETS, AND GLEES,

SUNG AT THE DIFFERENT

Places of Public Amusement.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

The original of this little Romance forms one of a manuscript collection of French songs, found on the Field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and blood, as sufficiently to indicate what had been the fate of its late possessor.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for
Palestine,
But first he made his orisons before St Mary's shrine;
"And grant, immortal Queen of heaven," was still the
soldier's prayer,
"That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the
fairest fair."

His oath of honour on the shrine, he graved it with his
sword,
And followed to the Holy Land the banner of his lord;
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry filled the air—
"Be honoured aye the bravest knight—be loved the fairest
fair."

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his liege
lord said,
"The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must be re-
paid,—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave—she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before St Mary's shrine,
That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands com-
bine;
And every lord and lady bright that were in chapel there,
Cried, "Honoured be the bravest knight—be loved the
fairest fair."

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Arranged by Parry.

Hush! hush! hush! you sing too loud, I can't hear the
Sir, 'tis you that sings so loud, 'tis ever the case. [bass;
Piano, piano, piano.

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

Written by Sir Walter Scott. Arranged to a French Air.

Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour, that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good morrow:—
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight,
Befits the gallant Troubadour!"

And while he marched, with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his fav'rite maid,
The minstrel burthen still he sung:—
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour!"

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hewed his way,
'Mid splintering lance and falchion sweep,
And still was heard the warrior lay:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour!"

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive;
But still reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:—
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour!"

BY THE SIMPLICITY OF VENUS' DOVES.

The Words from Shakspeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream." The Music arranged by H. R. Bishop.

By the simplicity of Venus' doves!
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves!
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.

By all the vows that ever men have broke!
In number more than ever woman spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.

MY HEART WITH LOVE IS BEATING.

Music by Ware.

My heart with love is beating,
Responsive to my sighs;
Alas! there's no retreating,
The winged arrow flies.
Then why vain anguish cherish?
The stricken deer must stay;
Should Julio bid me perish,
His captive must obey.

Could deeds my heart discover,
And constant truth prevail,
'Twould prove no other lover
Could dare thy rights assail.
Oh! bending then before thee,
An humble maiden see,
Whose love, delight, and glory,
Are centred all in thee.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

If you trust before you try,
You may repent before you die,
You may repent before you die.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

Written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. This truly Scottish lyric,—breathing throughout sentiments worthy of the pastoral "times of old," those tranquil "days of other years,"—was first published, along with a very simple and sweet air, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," of Blackwood's Magazine; and it may afford a fair specimen of that soft, delicious pathos so predominant in the Poet's compositions of the same cast.—The Shepherd's biographer, in the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, informs us, that to hear the following verses sung *con amore* by their author, is a treat right worthy to be envied.

Come all ye jolly shepherds that whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret that courtiers dinna ken:
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.

CHORUS.

When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk, when the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet in bed of down—
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines so bright, the hale soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile;
O, wha would choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame!

See yonder pawkie shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame.

Awa wi' fame and fortune—what comfort can they gi'e?—
And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty!
Gi'e me the highest joy that the heart o' man can frame,—
My bonnie bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame!

TOJOURS LE MEME.

Written by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Adapted to a French Air.

" Tojours le même" was engraved on the token,
The ring Rosa gave to the youth she preferred;
Sadly she gazed from her casement, heart-broken,
And waved a farewell, but she spoke not a word.
He sighed adieu, and she thought sighed sincerely,
Whilst fondly he cried, " Oh! forget not my name!
When far, far away, I shall love thee as dearly,
As fondly, as faithfully,—' Tojours le même!' "

When he was gone, for a time he roved blindly
'Midst beauties, and sighed at the liveliest ball;
But when fair maids on his sadness looked kindly,
The sad one had smiles to bestow on them all.
If on the past the gay youth e'er reflected,
New pleasures were sought to drown sorrow and shame;
Too soon he forgot Rosa's smiles, and neglected
Her ring and its motto of " Tojours le même."

Rosa was sad;—for a time she persuaded
Her fond heart that chance his return might defer,
But when the hopes she had cherished all faded,
His coldness, his falsehood, were fatal to her.
Ah! is it strange, while men wildly are roving,
Their thoughts and their vows are not ever the same:
Man loves again, and ne'er suffers from loving,
But woman—sweet woman!—is " Tojours le meme."

LOVE IS LIKE A SUMMER FLOWER.

A Duet. Music by J. Parry. Sung by Miss Love and Mr Braham.

Love is like a summer flower,
Blooming, drooping in an hour;
Rudely pressed, the flower will fade,—
So will love, when once betrayed.

GOOD B'YE.

Music by Blewitt. Sung by Madame Vestris.

I can bid you good morning, good day, or good night,
At expense of perhaps one faint sigh,
Since I know a few hours will renew my delight;—
But, oh! when I bid you good b'ye—

My tongue becomes dull, and my heart becomes chill,
And warm tears shut out light from each eye;
My soul feels forebodings of deadliest ill,
When I try, love, to bid you good b'ye.

Then send me not from you, love, do let me stay,
For I can't speak the word if I try;
Morn and eve I will wish you good night and good day,
But I can't, nor I won't say good b'ye!

SWEET HOME.

Written and Music composed by Parry. Sung by Mr Collyer.

When wandering far on distant soil
Where fortune bade me roam,
Mid splendid scenes, or joy, or toil,
I ne'er forgot my home,
Sweet, sweet home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
I ne'er forget my home, sweet home!
I ne'er forget my home.

But ah! what must the captive feel,
Whose thoughts alone are free!
His pallid looks and sighs reveal
How much he pines for thee,
Sweet, sweet home!
Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
I ne'er forget my home sweet home!

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

It is interesting to mark the close similarity of many of the ideas expressed in this plaintive song, to those of a passage in the writings of Pindar, the most celebrated lyric poet of antiquity. The passage alluded to occurs in the second Olympic Ode; and as we have not the presumption to suppose ourselves capable of a poetic version, the English reader must be content with a strictly literal translation. After stating that judgment is inevitably impending in a future state, the Poet goes on—"But evermore by day the same, the same by night, *having their own sun*, favoured of heaven, they share a *painless life*, vexing not the soil by might of hand, nor the ocean wave for an empty sustenance: for whosoever have *rejoiced in truth*, spend among the chief of gods a *tearless destiny*."—On comparison, after making due allowance for the difference of Greek style and phraseology, the identity of thought, varying only in the expression, of individuals so widely separated by age and country, strikes the most superficial observer, and it is at the same time a higher compliment to the author of "The land o' the leal," than could be conferred by the most laboured criticism.

This piece has long been attributed to Burns, but erroneously;—that shy modesty which ever accompanies real worth, has prevented the author's admirers from knowing to whom they are so deeply and lastingly indebted.

I'm wearin' awa, Jean,
Like snaw-wreathes in thaw, Jean,
I'm wearin' awa
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day's aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith gude and fair, Jean,
And, oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
And joy's comin' fast, Jean,
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Our friends are a' gane, Jean,
We've lang been left alane, Jean,—
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, Jean,
Your day its wearin' through, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare-ye-weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's cares are vain, Jean,
We'll meet, and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

Written by Lord Byron. Music composed by Kiallmark.

Maid of Athens! ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.
Ah! hear my vow before I go,
Ah! hear my vow before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Ægean wind!
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge!
By those wild eyes like the roe,—
Ah! hear my prayer before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!

Maid of Athens! I am gone;
Think of me, sweet, when alone;
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Hear my vow before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!

HERE WE MEET, TOO SOON TO PART.

Music by Rossini.

Here we meet, too soon to part,
Here to leave, will raise a smart,
Here I'll press thee to my heart,
Where none has place above thee.
Here I vow to love thee well,—
Could but words unseal the spell,
Had but language strength to tell,
I'd say how much I love thee.
Here we meet, &c.

Here the rose that decks thy door,
Here the thorn that spreads thy bower,
Here the willow on the moor,
The birds at rest above thee,
Had they light of life to see,
Sense of soul like thee and me,
Soon might each a witness be
How dotingly I love thee.
Here we meet, &c.

BIDE YE YET.

Music arranged by Mr Dewar. Sung by Mr Mackay.

Gin I had a wee house, an' a canty wee fire,
An' a bonnie wee wifie to praise an' admire,
Wi' a bonnie wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yaumer an' mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, an' bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide ye yet;
Some bonnie wee body may fa' to my lot,
An' I'll aye be canty wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang a-field, an' come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fu' neat an' fu' clean,
Wi' a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That 'll cry papa or daddy to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

An' if there should ever happen to be
A difference atween my wee wifie an' me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her an' clap her until she be pleased.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

OH! ASK ME NOT TO BE YOUR BRIDE.

Music by Whitaker.

Oh! ask me not to be your bride,
Oh! do not call me fair:
For I have thrown the wreath aside,
I once was proud to wear.
And do not gaze upon my cheek,
It hath no charms for thee;
Though I am young, 'tis vain to seek
The charms of youth in me.

And yet, I think, I must have been
As gay as those I meet,
For I remember to have seen,
Young lovers at my feet,
And they were blythe and merry men,
And loved a merry eye;
Ah! sure I was like others then,
But now 'tis all gone by.

One came at last who was my choice,
He perished on the sea;
Still, still I hear the hateful voice,
That told the tale to me.
Then ask me not to be your bride,
Oh! do not call me fair:
For I have thrown the wreath aside,
I once was proud to wear.

THE SMUGGLER.

Music by Davy.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the northward blew keenly,
While sullenly roared the big waves of the main,
A famed smuggler, Will Watch, kissed his Sue, then serenely
Took helm, and to sea boldly steered out again.
Will had promised his Sue that this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore;
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended,
The laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing, and cried,
"This night—if I've luck—furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay—serve a friend, too, beside."
Will lay-to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied—'twas a prospect unbeery—
A signal that warned him to bear from the land.

"The Philistines are out," cries Will, "take no heed on't—
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need on't—
We'll fight while we can—when we can't boys we'll run."
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
"Behold!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear down;
Bear a hand, my tight lads—ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim, boys, or drown!

"But should I be popped off, you, my mates, left behind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid."

Poor Will's yarn was spun out—for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more:
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained in it,
Then sheered,—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with—
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with—
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows—the winds loudly bellow—
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed, lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead!

THE BONNY MOOR-HEN.

Hunting Song, written by Burns. Music by Lee.

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Our lads gaed a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses and mony a glen,
At length they discovered a bonny moor-hen.

CHORUS.

I red you beware at the hunting, young men,
I red you beware at the hunting, young men:
Tak some on the wing,
And some as they spring,
But cannily steal on the bonny moor-hen.

Old Phœbus, himself, as he peeped o'er the hill,
In spite at her plumage he tried his skill:
He levelled his rays where she basked in the brae,
His rays were outshone, and but marked where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best o' our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whirr! she was over a mile at a flight.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Sung by Mr Melrose.

The news frae Moidart cam' yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie,
For ships o' war have just come in,
An' landed Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early,
Around him cling wi' a' your kin,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?
Come through the heather,
Around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'thegither
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' King,
For wha'll be King but Charlie?

The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groats to Airly,
Ha'e to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma',
Wi' mony a Lord an' Laird, ha'e
Declared for Scotia's King an' law,
An' spier ye wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late an' early,
To man she'll ne'er gi'e heart or hand,
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
An' be't complete and early,
His very name my heart's blood warms —
To arms for royal Charlie!
Come through the heather, &c.

WHERE IS MY LOVER?

Sung by Miss Stephens.—Composed by Mr Kean

Where is my lover? can any one tell?
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
He flirts with another, I know very well,
And I am all alone!
I own that I frowned when I sent him away,
And ordered him not to come near me to-day,
But then I'd no notion that he would obey;
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I'm sure we girls do not mean half that we say;
Oh! I am all alone!

Where is my lover? Oh! bring him to me;
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I was not aware how distressing 'twould be,
Thus to be all alone!
They tell me, to Mary gay presents he brings,
They say that he smiles when fair Isabel sings—
'Tis plain that *his* Cupid has two pair of wings;
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
Oh! *his* love and *mine* are two different things,
For I am all alone!

Bid him come back to me, like a good man;
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
I will receive him with smiles, if I can,
Though I am all alone!
Do not permit him to think that I pine,
Tell him that many men call me divine;
You cannot mistake him, his form is so fine;
Where is he gone? where is he gone?
They say that his eyes are the image of mine!
Oh! I am all alone.

A BOAT, A BOAT.—TRIO.

A boat, a boat, haste to the ferry,
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh, and quaff, and drink old sherry.

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

Poetry by T. H. Bayly, Esq.—German Air, arranged by H. R. Bishop.

In happier hours, my pleasure all day
Was to rove with the thoughtless, or dance with the gay.
Through life as I sported, no clouds could I see,
And the hearts that were gayest, were dearest to me.
But now, in affliction, how changed is the view,
The *gay* hearts are many—*sincere* ones are few.

Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for a while,
When fortune is smiling, they also can smile;
Like blossoms that wither when day-light is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

But thou, in my sorrow, still faithfully came,
And though I am altered, I find you the same;
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind.
Like the night-blowing ceris, which sheds its perfume,
And opens its blossoms midst darkness and gloom.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

Written by Moore.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!
Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE LARK.

Written by Hogg. Music by Clarke.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blythesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying!
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be
Bird of the wilderness,
Blessed is thy dwelling place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee!

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

Burns wrote professedly for the peasantry of his country, and by them their native dialect is universally relished. To a numerous class of the natives of Scotland of another description, it may also be considered as attractive in a different point of view. Estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, the idiom of their country unites with the sentiments and the descriptions on which it is employed, to recall to their minds the interesting scenes of infancy and youth—to awaken many pleasing, many tender recollections. For Scotsmen of this description more particularly, Burns seems to have written his song, 'Their groves o' sweet myrtle,' a beautiful strain, which, it may be confidently predicted, will be sung with equal or superior interest on the banks of the Ganges or of the Mississippi, as on those of the Tay or the Tweed."—Dr Currie's Life of Burns.

Teeming as these verses are with all the touching associations so finely alluded to above, and spirit-stirring as is the melody to which they are so felicitously linked, it yet remains to be stated, that this song, however highly it will continue to stand in the estimation of the impartial, is treated with that unmerited neglect, by the great majority of our musical professors and amateurs, which has been the fate of too many of the most valuable of our Scotish songs. This is mainly attributable to a morbid and insatiable desire for every milk and water production bearing the impress of novelty. We do not mean to depreciate those meritorious and delightful effusions which mingle in the great mass of modern popular composition; but we would strongly deprecate that deplorable species of perverted taste, which can discover no sweetness in the lays of a past period, for no other reason than that it is past, and be gratified alone by those of the present, merely because it is present.—"Sing aloud *old songs!*" exclaims Wordsworth,—"the precious music of the heart!"

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen;
For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN A TOY?

Music by Wade.

Tell me, have you seen a toy
Called Love? a little boy
Armed with arrows, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind;—

If he be among you, say
He is Venus' runaway,
And ne'er be sure, for lo his lure,
La rose d'amour, la rose d'amour.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip;
If by chance his arrows miss,
He will shoot you in a kiss.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Music arranged as a Duet. Written by Burns. The Bard, in a letter to his correspondent, Mr Thomson of Edinburgh, has given the following history of the Air of this well known song. "A good many years ago, Mr James Miller, writer in your good town, was in company with our friend Clarke: and talking of Scotish music, Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that, in a few days, Mr Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question."

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

LUCY'S FLITTIN.

s admirable song is justly ranked in the first class of our modern lyrics. Its unffected feeling and natural simplicity are altogether irresistible. Hogg has stated, hat, with two exceptions, this is the only song or poem of any kind ever composed y the author;—and regarding such a piece of information, there can exist but ne sentiment in the minds of all who have perused the affecting little history of Lucy's Flittin'."

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neighbours sae dear.
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer,
She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea;
An orphan was she, an' they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brought the tear in ner e'e.

She gaed by the stable, whare Jamie was stan'in',
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see;
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy, quo' Jamie, and ran in,—
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her e'e.
As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

Oh! what is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tear come sae fast to my e'e?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither,
Nae mither nor friend the poor lammie can see;
I fear I ha'e left my bit heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I ha'e rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie ga'e me;
Yestreen when he ga'e me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.
Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel, Lucy
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see.
He couldna say mair, but just Fare-ye-weel, Lucy—
Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lee;
But Lucy likes Jamie—she turned and she lookit;
She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.—
Ah! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
His bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

WILT THOU TEMPT THE WAVES WITH ME?

A Duet. Music by Carl Maria Von Weber.

Wilt thou tempt the waves with me
When the moon is high and bright,
And the ocean seems to be
A pillow for her light?

I will tempt the waves with thee
When the moon is high and bright,
And the ocean seems to be
A pillow for her light.

Stars will shine above us cheerily
As we glide along,
Whilst the rippling waters echo merrily
To the mariner's song.

Wilt thou wander through the dells,
Where our bower of beauty stands,
And the little silver bells
Are rung by fairy hands?

I will wander through the dells
Where our bower of beauty stands,
And the little silver bells
Are rung by fairy hands.

Stars will shine above us cheerily
As we roam along,
Whilst the rippling waters echo merrily
To the mariner's song.

THE FRYAR OF ORDERS GREY.

A Glee. Arranged by Callcott.

It was a Fryar of Orders Grey,
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Heaven thee save! thou reverend Fryar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at your holy shrine,
My true love thou didst see?

And how should I your true love know,
From many another one?
O! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

O! lady, he is dead and gone,
Lady, he's dead and gone;
And at his head a green grass-turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain;
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again!

Yet stay, fair lady, rest awhile,
Beneath yon cloister wall;
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind
And drizzling rain doth fall.

O stay me not! thou holy Fryar,
O stay me not, I pray!
No drizzling rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

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